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the

Diamond



TAST-ED

1962

VOLUME I

the

Diamond

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TO OUR READERS...

The Diamond has decided to begin the New Year in the right manner — by publishing its first issue. There might not be anything new in this issue as far as news is concerned, but then there never is anything new. Isn't it enough that we're still alive after the wild, wild Christmas holidays?

We must admit that the parties were rather mild this year. As a matter of fact, we didn't have to eject a single drunk from the office.

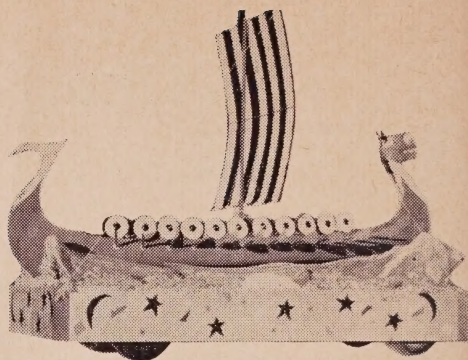
Beginning in this issue, the Diamond will be running a unique series of articles entitled *Profile*. These articles are actual case histories of inmates confined in this institution. They include a brief account of the inmate's primary recollections and a chronological, if condensed biography, bringing the concerned inmate and his story right up to date. The story is straightforward with no second guessing. It is left to the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Oh! In case you were thinking that you might insult us by sending a dollar in exchange for a subscription — cease thinking. Just send it! We'll utilize it.

INMATES

BUILD

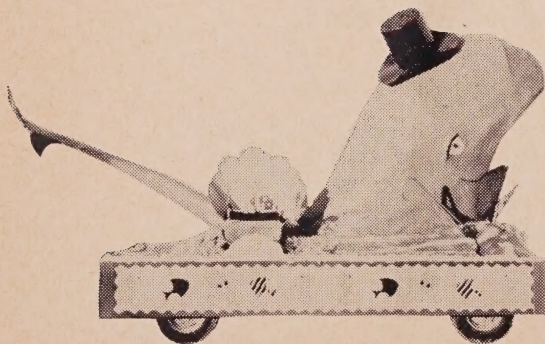
FLOATS



IN

SPARE

TIME



Fantasy? Fairy Tales? Floats? Santa Claus came to Kingston this past year, as he has for several years now; ushered in by a vast entourage of colourful floats. These floats, depicting various scenes and characters from out of the fantastic land of Fairy Tales, constitute the Santa Claus Parade, which is almost as closely related to Christmas as the Christmas tree, and without which, there would be no real Christmas.

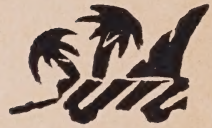
Fantasy?



Fairy Tales?



Floats?



Last year, Santa enlisted the assistance of several inmates from Collin's Bay Penitentiary, or 'Santa's little elves' as they were facetiously referred to by the Kingston Whig-Standard. These inmates, of whom there were seven, volunteered to build three floats for the institution, and repair three floats from downtown Kingston. They did all the work during their spare time—in the evenings and on weekends. They received no special benefits or privileges, and they asked none.

The floatbuilding fever started as early as the middle of October. At this time, the Social and Athletic Club was considering repairing the float which was built at this institution last year, and letting it go at that. A few weeks later, however, Deputy Warden Fred Smith started looking for designs and models for possible floats. The inmates were alerted, and after two days of working, thinking, puttering, and pasting by Ed Emsley, a model of 'Walter the Singing Whale' was submitted to Mr. Smith, who immediately approved the design and gave the inmates the okay to commence building it.

That evening, Mr. Smith attended a meeting with the Junior Chamber of Commerce, who were having difficulty finding a place large enough to repair three of their own floats. At this point, Mr. Smith said that he was assured that his inmates would be more than happy to repair the three floats for them. The following morning, the inmates concerned were told of the forthcoming deluge, and responded admirably. The inmates were glad to do the work. As one inmate stated, "It's not a question of work now. It's a question of time! Have we enough time?"

The inmates had been allotted twenty six days in which to build two floats and repair three others. The sixth was yet to come!

A work crew was assembled. Artist-designer Ed Emsley set to work putting ideas on paper, and on the evening of October 30th, the project was launched. The initial floats on which the inmates worked were two from Kingston: 'The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe' and 'Humpty Dumpty'. The majority of the framework on these floats was intact, but there were some additions to be made, some patching to be done, and of course some paint; lots of bright coloured paint to be applied.

Inmates Tom Saito and John Sparkes went ahead with the carpentry repairs which were needed. These men also built a picket fence to surround the platform of 'The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe', a large boot-like structure, surmounted by an angular roof and with a door on each side. Ed Emsley, in the meanwhile, was patching up various holes in the structure itself. Next Roger Prest came forward to do much of the heavy painting, and again

Emsley put his talents to work. Emsley painted seams along the sides of the boot, put a series of eyes on each side, and very adequately handled all trimmings and finishing touches. When the 'Shoe' was completed, it was taken outside the walls to the implement shed, where it was to await parade day.

'Humpty Dumpty' presented very little problem to the now experienced floatbuilders. They went about their business with the assurance of professionals. Major repairs again were done by the carpenters, Prest did the painting, and the finishing touches were left to Emsley's care. It seemed simple.

When 'Humpty Dumpty' was all but completed and ready to go to pasture, a replica of a Viking warship was acquired from Queen's University. This acquisition appeared as if it might also be turned into a presentable float, and the wheels began to turn. The Viking ship which had formerly been used as a decoration for the Queen's annual science formal, was donated to the institution with the provision that someone go to the University and pick it up after the dance. Several officers readily agreed to do this, and spent the better part of an extremely early, rainy morning dragging the ship, pieces of painted building paper, and various other accessories into the vocational garage at this institution, where a temporary floatbuilding headquarters had been set up.

At this late hour, with time fading fast, it was obvious that work must be started on 'Walter the Singing Whale', which, at that time, was still only an idea drawn on paper. For this project, Mr. Walter Huff, who is the vocational carpentry instructor here, was called

in as technical advisor. Mr. Huff and his prize student, Tom Saito, went industriously to work, and within three evenings, had most of the skeleton, or framework erected. This was a ticklish operation. A centre-piece had to be made, and about this, dampened strips of wood were used to first get the general outline of a whale. Next, cross-beams were tacked on to the main frame, and horizontal strips were saddled from end to end along the cross beams. While Mr. Huff and his able assistant worked on the framework, Emsley and Prest began working on the accessories which would be needed in the future. Emsley and Prest cut out the tail, built a set of skirts and designed and cut out sea horses, miniature octupi and fish.

Since there was only a beginning made on the whale, and since there was yet 'Mother Goose' and the Viking ship to be worked on, the assistance of Doug Miller and Jim Cox was enlisted. Miller and Cox agreed to take the Viking ship upon themselves, but got only as far as the making of paper maché waves when differences of opinion over the designing caused a minor breach. Cox was sent on to put finishing touches on the 'Little Miss Muffet' float which had been built by inmates last year, and Miller accepted the Viking ship as his personal project.

From this point forward, the crew found it imperative to work on several floats at the same time. The whale was still in its primary stages, but Emsley and Saito made quick work of wrapping chicken wire about the framework and pasting paper maché to the wire. This process being completed, the

whale was taken to the garage, where painters Prest and Grey painted the body of the whale — pink! Emsley added all the caricatures, painted in the mouth and eyes, and tacked on the skirts. The whale was nearly ready.

Meanwhile, Doug Miller was making great headway with the Viking ship. Doug had made oars and oar-locks and attached these in place. He had repaired the sail, made a sturdy steel mast which he anchored to a metal plate on the trailer. He had finished the waves and repainted everything. The final addition to any float is the skirts and Miller really went all out on the skirts for his float. Black stars and halfmoons were silhouetted against a silver background, but this did not seem sufficient. Added to this array, were tiny particles in wierd shapes. These were painted in profuse colours and combined to present a remarkable design.

The last float upon which any heavy work was done was 'Mother Goose'. Because of its wingspan, this float was difficult to move about. It would not fit into any of the shops because of its height. Therefore, the only solution to this problem was to cut off the head, which was done. 'Mother Goose', headless by this time, was taken into the vocational carpentry shop, where Tom Saito and Beaudine ripped the old, dirty nylon material from it, and pasted new, fluffy white down to it. The beak and eyes were remodelled, and eventually the head was replaced.

When the parade was only one week in the future, the crew began to get a little frantic. Operations were speeded up and the men began to work later into the evenings. During this final

week, the floats really began to take form, and frequently the inmates had to be prodded back to work after dreamily admiring their handiwork. Right down to the last evening, the inmates worked on the imperative little additions which really made the floats.

The floats were to be ready by nine o'clock on Saturday, November 25. On Friday evening, the crew laboured until ten o'clock, at which time they decided that everything was in order for the launching to be held on the following day. It was imperative that the work crew waken and work at five o'clock Saturday morning, the reason being that some of the floats, because of their height, had to be put together outside the penitentiary walls. So, at five o'clock on Saturday morning a weary, bleary-eyed, but determined work crew set out into the darkness to launch their floats. Tractors hummed, and angry curses were stifled by the wind. The floats were being taken to the front driveway. By eight o'clock the floats were all ready for the parade. It was a fine, bright morning. The sun was shining, and the floats were gleaming. Here was a photographer's paradise, and many of the officer's took advantage of it.

Finally there was the drone of tractor engines, and the floats chugged away toward the city of Kingston. The job was done.

That Saturday morning, Deputy Warden Fred Smith congratulated all the men who worked on the floats for doing such a fine job. The inmates were permitted to watch the floats until they were out of sight, and then they returned to their respective positions inside the institution.

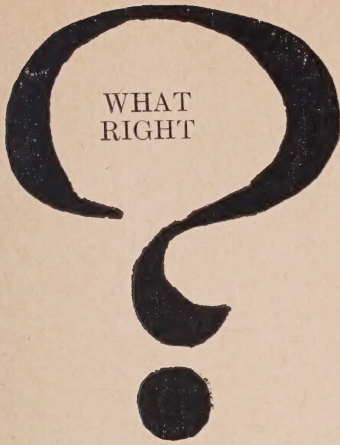
'Walter the Singing Whale' was given the first post position in the Kingston parade, and this apparently is quite an honour. The floats were greatly appreciated by the public, and they were given wide coverage in newspapers and on the radio and television.

The following Saturday, December 2, the three floats belonging to the institution were escorted to Napanee, where they were also a great hit. At Napanee prizes are allotted for the three floats which are considered to be of finest quality. The Viking ship won a second prize and twenty dollars at Napanee, while 'Little Miss Muffet' took third prize and ten dollars.

On December 9, the three floats were taken to Gananoque, where they participated in another parade. At Gananoque, 'Walter the Singing Whale' won first prize and twenty-five dollars.

The money won by the floats is to be donated to the inmates' welfare fund, so in the long run, the entire institution benefits from the work of the floatbuilders.

Special thanks are due to Mr. McQuaide and Mr. Babcock for their co-operation in letting the floats be built and stored in their shops; to Mr. William Dean for obtaining the required materials when we needed them, and most of all to Mr. Walter Huff who worked late with the inmates almost every evening, supplied advice and materials, and was generally an all round nice guy. The inmates have intimated effusively on several occasions that it was a pleasure and an honour to work with Mr. Huff, as it was a pleasure and an honour to be permitted to work on the floats.



Who has the right to say who can live, and who can not? Who in this world is so exalted that he may regard one life and disregard another?

Apparently the militia unit for survival training has this right! Only recently, a man was excused from participation in survival training because he had a criminal record. This man was not considered to be good enough to live, and was reduced to the status of an animal by the militia unit. He was allotted the same meagre chances of survival from nuclear attack as any common animal might have. Why is this? This sorry situation existed because, at one time in his life, this man made a mistake.

And because of his mistake, this man's family must also suffer the consequences. They must live in the shadow of death and destruction without the courtesy of a trained person in their home. And what if they should be faced with a nuclear attack? What then?

Then, like animals, they must die, or at least be left dangerously exposed to death. Is this, then, what happens when men make mistakes? Or can we believe that to err is human?

Does no one care about this person and his family?

He cares. He cares a great deal, and stated so in the Toronto Telegram: "Because I made a mistake, no one seems to care about my future. Well, I care! I have a family, and when it comes to saving them, it means a great deal."

What state of affairs would this world be in if every person who had ever made a mistake or committed a crime was set out into a jungle with no weapons or utensils and told that they might survive — if they were capable. How many would return? How many would like to accept these odds? How many would think it wrong? Most people would assuredly agree that this practice would not only be unjust, but also inhumane. If some such thing should happen to their friends or relatives, they would declare hostility towards this injustice. But then, they too would probably be out in that jungles. Yes, they would complain, in no uncertain terms.

But here we are in reality, in another, fiercer jungle, yet one that supposedly approaches civilization, and right here, before our very eyes, something similar to this is happening. And, there are no complaints. There is only indifference. Who cares? So what? Like the man said, he cares, and his family cares — and, after all, he is a human being. As a human being, this man should be entitled every right to which any other human being, living in this supposedly free country is entitled.

EDUCATION

IN OUR TIME

by

Bill Hardman

Every inmate desirous of rehabilitating himself must take every opportunity to equip himself with Academic and Vocational or Technical knowledge to compete with the employment force of to-day. It must be understood in an Institution such as this, that time is an important factor. In order to give as many inmates as possible the theories of their chosen Vocations, it is necessary to limit the students to a specific period of time. Therefore, it is imperative for the *Inmate* students to absorb all the Instructors teach.

Have you given any thought recently, towards education with relationship to outside employment. Here are a few facts and suggestions that warrant a careful study. To-day, only 30 per cent of employment is open to semi-skilled and unskilled occupations, and each successive year the percentage will become smaller. With the present rate of school drop outs, it can easily be seen the number of persons who will be competing for the one type of job. Soon it will be necessary to have an education to sweep a floor; this is not a pun.

There are inmates taking Vocational Courses who do not have an interest in the particular course they are taking, others have no interest regardless of the course they are taking, and those, who unfortunately, through lack of Academic Education are unable to absorb sufficiently the Instructor's teachings. This is what causes fall outs, frustrations, and anxieties. Some of these problems I believe could be solved or eliminated as the case maybe, by the suggestions offered in the latter portion of this article.

In the very near future the School and Library Department will be in a new location. There will be two bright and spacious classrooms available. Grades 1 to 8 will be taught in the classrooms by competent, qualified Teachers, with an Ontario Department of Education Certificate being issued to any inmate successfully passing Grade 8. Anyone wishing to study Grades 9 to 13 may do so through correspondence Courses sponsored by the Ontario Department of Education and the Department of Veterans' Affairs. Commercial and Technical Correspondence Courses are also available from the same sources. Any inmate taking a Correspondence Course may have classroom assistance from the Teachers on request.

For those inmates qualified to study on the University level, Queen's University, here in Kingston offers, by Correspondence, a wide range of Subjects. Quite often the Professors from Queen's will give up their own time to give assistance to those desirous of it. In some instances arrangements are made for the inmate students to attend important lectures at the University.

There is an excellent choice of Academic Guidance and Instruction Text-books available in the School Library. Such items as pencils, notebeooks and mathematic sets are supplied by the School and Library Department. To those inmates accepted for Vocational Training and those working at Trades, Technical books are available. Every opportunity and encouragement is given to the inmate desirous of an Academic Education by the Education-

al Supervisor and his Teaching Staff. Once again I point out the importance of an Education in this competitive world of today. For the ex-inmate to remain in society successfully, it is an absolute necessity.

In any Institution, where an inmate attempts to raise his abilities via Educational study, classroom or correspondence, he is subject to ridicule by that certain element, which always exists, going out of their way to discourage rather than encourage those who are trying. This is one of the most difficult obstacles confronting an Academic Teacher, so to be a success in an inmate classroom a Teacher must have the Wisdom of Solomon and the Patience of Job.

The Educational Supervisor, the Vocational Selection Board and the Vocational Instructors in conjunction with the Warden should set an Academic level for each Vocational Course to be used as a guide for accepting inmate students. From this, an Academic Programme could be set up by the Educational Supervisor whereby those inmates who fell short of the Academic requirements may study or review so as to reach the required level. A series of tests could be adapted for the inmate making application for a Vocational Course to determine his abilities and needs. A complete report on each applicant should be made by the Educational Supervisor for the Vocational Selection Board. This would give the Vocational Instructors a more uniform class level, omitting the uninterested, stopping the frustrations and anxieties, and benefitting all the inmate students. A true value of the Vocational Programme could then be realized.

With a specific Academic Level required before accepting applicants for Vocational Training, the opportunity exists for approaching the Department of Labour, requesting their recognition of the Vocational Courses other than the Motor Vehicle Repair and the Barbering Courses. On successful completion of the course a Certificate of Apprenticeship could be issued by the Department of Labour, subject to their examination. The inmate could then be employed at his Vocation and the time be credited to his Journeyman's Certificate. This would act as an incentive and most important, would give the inmates the necessary qualifications to compete in the Country's Employment Force.

There will be many arguments arise when the Academic Level is challenged for Vocational admittance, examples: My father was a carpenter and he never went beyond grade 4, but could father use acoustics, electric tools and the manufactured material predominant today? No! Then, of course, there is the bit about the mechanic — take a look at the many designs of engines today, the special equipment to keep these high speed automobiles on the roads — why father would be fortunate to be able to draw gasoline today.

With Automation in force today, flexibility is All-Important. The worker of today is the man who transforms the designs and studies of the Engineers and Scientists into salable goods for the market. Are you prepared to study and keep up with the changes brought about by Automation and Technological advances? Today, Employers do not hire of immediate needs, but for long range planning, men who can grow with an

organization. Here again education becomes important; as an illustration: A company is incorporating a newly designed Automobile Engine, all the mechanic receives is a book of instructions prepared by an Engineer which he must interpret, without an education can you see his dilemma?

There is probably no more frustrating experience than trying unsuccessfully to get through to someone who seems quite incapable of understanding what, to you, seems a relatively simple point. But it is equally frustrating to find yourself in a position where you just cannot understand something another person is trying to explain.

Many inmates complete the Vocational Courses here, some doing very well. But, then they completely stop studying. It would be difficult for most to take courses via correspondence while studying their Vocational Course, but, on completion it is a must if you wish to advance to a successful position in the competitive employment force.

If you make sound education and training your goal, and thereby acquire occupational flexibility in the new automated age, you will have done much to eliminate the possibility that you might find yourself, one day, seeking occupations which no longer exist, and unable to obtain entrance to the additional training course which would fit you for the new occupations.

These illustrations and suggestions will, I hope, emphasize how important it is for you to give serious thought to the problem the inadequately trained and uneducated individual faces today — and especially tomorrow.

Gastronomer's Quiz

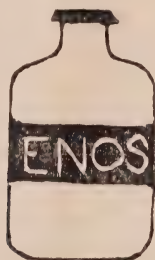


by Lex Schrag

For the benefit (?) of those Diamond readers who have been on a restricted diet for the past few years, the churl of Mortgage Manor has compiled a gastronome's quiz, just to refresh their memories and appetites.

1. What is bouillabaisse?
(a) A sports car. (b) A naughty word. (c) Fish soup. (d) An easy way to lose money.
2. What is the best method of cooking carp?
(The Warden struck out the answer to this one; it was impolite.)
3. Bacalao should be served with — ??
(a) A saw. (b) Salt cod. (c) Apologies. (d) A dry white wine.
4. You can obtain Na Papai Hoopihapiha in — ?
(a) Joyceville. (b) The Royal York Hotel. (c) Hawaii. (d) A zoo.
5. You have just taken a big mouthful of Lomo de Puerco en Salsa Raja. You should — ?
(a) Send for the fire department. (b) See a doctor. (c) Write home to mother. (d) Swallow it.
6. Popina Janja Yanje is known as The Priest's Lunch in — ?
(a) Ottawa. (b) Yugoslavia. (c) Joe's Greasy Spoon. (d) The original Sanskrit.
7. If you see a tournedo approaching, you should — ?
(a) Get into a hurricane shelter. (b) Take pictures of it. (c) Grab a knife and fork. (d) Reach for your wallet.

8. When a Russian yells "Schchi!" he is — ?
(a) Ordering sauerkraut soup. (b) Sneezing. (c) Greeting a friend. (d) Counting up to one.
9. Nouilles Merilda are — ?
(a) Too darned expensive. (b) Fattening. (c) Noodles with truffles. (d) Unobtainable.
10. Pompano en Papillote was invented by — ?
(a) Edison. (b) Henry Ford. (c) Archimedes. (d) Jules Alciatore.
11. Gazpacho is — ?
(a) A cold, Spanish soup. (b) A town in Vermont. (c) Composer of The Missing Chord. (d) Indigestible.
12. You are a guest in an Arabian home and you have just eaten a double order of Duggag Muhammar. You should now — ?
(a) Go to bed. (b) Belch loudly. (c) Ask for more. (d) Groan.



GASTRONOMER'S QUIZ ANSWERS:

1. (c) and (d). A costly fish stew.
2. Pass.
3. (a), (c) and (d). Bacalao IS salt cod.
4. (c). Polynesian crab cakes.
5. (a), (b) and (c). Mexican pork and peppers.
6. (b) Hefty beef stew.
7. (c) and (d). Smaller edition of a filet mignon.
8. (a) or (b). Schchi goes well with piroski.
9. (a), (b), (c) and (d). Noodles and truffles, with champagne.
10. (d) Jules Alciatore was the chef at Antoinette, New Orleans.
11. (a) and (d). Made out of cucumbers, tomatoes, garlic, olives.
12. (b). This indicates you have been fed more than you can hold, which is a polite compliment to your host. Duggag Muhammar is stuffed chicken.

“Searchers”

Ponder you the things undone;
The things of yet to be,
Arise, not how, or when, or why,
Arise! Awaken! See!
Look, the heart, the core, the life,
The brittle, bending sigh,
Of sight into another light,
Another gravity,
Where men discover not their own,
And not forever right,
But probe and ponder, and despair,
And live eternal night.



Poems By Inmates

Lost to Gain



Complete the cycle; mould the ring,
As now the light evolves,
Tasking things,
Forcing things,
Breaking will — and woe
The brilliant cipher brings,
Nothing but hollow no:
To those who wait,
Wrenching back the innate bow,
Of passions brewed with shame.
They are sorry late,
And, if at all,
Wonder why they came. . . . E. E.

The Nerve!...



.... of some people's kids.

H U M O U R

Two drunks were out walking one night and they wandered onto a railroad trestle. "Man," said the first drunk, "this is a long flight of stairs."

"Yeah," replied the other drunk, "but I wouldn't mind it so much if only this darn hand rail wasn't so low."

The minister of a small church announced his text in solemn tones: "Yes, the light of the wicked shall be put out!"

Immediately the church was plunged into total darkness, due to trouble at the light company.

"Brethern," said the minister, with only the slightest pause, "in view of the startling and sudden fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the Electric light company."

A man walked into a grocery store in a small town.

"Yes sir," the obliging clerk said, "may I help you?"

"I want to buy all your over-ripe fruit and vegetables, and all your rotten eggs," replied the man.

"Ha-ha," the clerk chuckled. "You must be going to see the comedian at the theatre."

"Not so loud," demanded the man, "I am the comedian."

The lawyer informed his client, "I have arranged a settlement with your husband that is fair to both of you."

"Fair to both," she stormed, "Why do you think I hired you? I could have done that myself."

An old Indian stood on top of a hill with his son, looking down over the beautiful valley below them. Said the old Indian, "Some day my son, all this land will belong to the Indians again. Paleface all go to the moon."

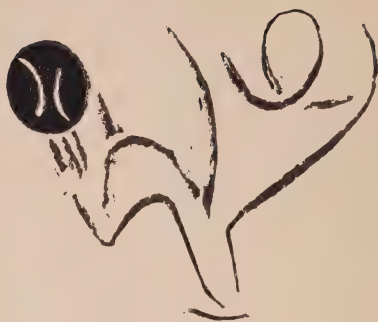
Two vacationing business men were comparing notes on the beach at Miami.

"I'm here on insurance money," stated the first. "I collected \$50,000 for fire insurance."

"Me too," admitted the second merchant. "I got \$100,000 for flood damage."

"Tell me," said the first merchant after a long, thoughtful pause, "how do you start a flood?"

SOCCER HAS IT'S DAY!



Following the wrap-up of the 1961 Football Finals here at the Bay, the '61-'62 Soccer Season was quick to commence under the leadership of its new commissioner, a former star player himself, Benny Bannach. Elected to the managerial positions for their respective teams were "Mack" MacDougall of the Park Royals, "Specs" Walker leading the United squad, Frank "The Loquacious One" Zigmond at the reins of the Dynamos with newcomer Martin Pilnacek mentoring the Flamingos.



by

Billy Mac Isaac

Sunday December 3rd saw the opening game of the season kicked off under the watchful eyes of George Preston and Bill MacIsaac, the local whistle-tooters. Harvey Babbin made himself as auspicious in soccer as he had been on the gridiron by opening the season with its first goal to give his Park Royal team the lead which they maintained to the end of the game defeating the Dynamos 2-1. Fleet-footed Jimmy Armour, attempting his first effort soccer-wise, came up with the Dynamos lone tally.

A COMPLETE

COVERAGE

OF SPORTS

AT THE BAY

On Dec. 10th, Flamingos downed the United team and the margins of victory in both encounters seemed assurance enough that the young league was reasonably well-balanced. At this writing however the Park Royals have yet to taste the bitterness of defeat. This is not to say that they are a "packed" team; quite the contrary, but their

passing plays and team effort have been rewarding. Such able stalwarts as Ernie Coates, Billy Pierce, Kenny Marsden and Joe Kokay on the attack with Doiron and King in front of the goalie have made them a formidable outfit throughout their initial 4 starts. There's little doubt that the ball-dribbling wizardry of Marsden, Pierce and Coates make this squad a powerful offensive unit with the league's leading scorer, Joe Kokay ending up as the payoff man in front of the enemy twine. The recent loss of utility man Stewie Reade may effect the Royal's power but Mack Mac Dougall has revamped his lines to compensate for this.

In the runner-up spot, the Flamingos are showing they have no intention of giving up on the run for the league championship. Led by their playing manager Martin Pilnacek, the Birds boast a 2-1-1 record and with great personnel composed of vets like Luigi Amato, McBain, Dennis Downes and Brown, could carry straight to the top. It appears however that outside of the very effective play of Pilnacek and Amato, the Flamingos are lacking a potent scoring punch. Rookies Jimmy Post, Red "Slim" MacDermott and Tim Archambeault are showing real hustle and desire; yet, there is no substitute for experience. Post, with his aggressive style, is fast becoming a real asset to this squad.

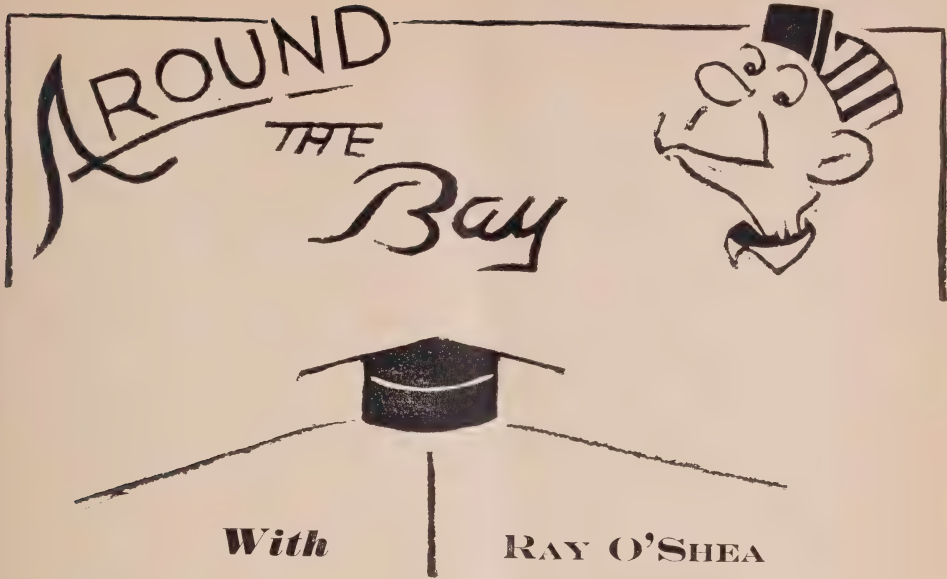
In the third placed Dynamos you have the real "dark horse" of the pack. This club could wind up with the bundle before the final whistle blows this year. At this writing, their manager,

Frank "The Blank" Zigmond has acquired the playing rights to three formerly "retired" veteran stars who, without a doubt, can make this club a championship one. George "The Mandibles" Preston, having sipped at the bitter cup of officiating, was reinstated as a player assigned to the Dynamos. Along with the greying six-footer came Bruce "Mighty Mouse" Beechener, last year's MVP and league's scoring champ. It was this lad if you recall, who almost single-handedly wrapped up the championship for his team as he scored 7 of his club's total 8 goals and assisted on the other. Rounding out this trio comes Big Joe Houska. (Better known as Sausage No. 1.) No one needs to know why this hulking 216 pound defenceman was one of the "Joint's" best after observing him in action. Along with this combination, Zigmond has Harvey Babbinn, acquired in a trade from the Royals, Jim Armour, Ronnie Druce, Billy Boisseneault (a real hustler, by the way) McLean and Clarke to carry the attack. Behemoths Kenny Renaud, "Hammer" Hanrahan and the MGR himself can cope with any defensive situation. They have exceptional speed on the flanks with Beechener Babbinn and Armour who are tough to contain. Their present third place spot will be vacated before the next edition.

Rounding out the league are the Uniteds. Lacking depth, manager Billy "Spees" Walker is hard pressed for help. Bobby Gough, their best offensive weapon, cannot carry the load alone. Never really a prolific scorer, hustling Bobby has always been a particularly capable set-up man but the Uniteds lack that payoff man in front of the

goal. The versatile Stewart is the squad's leading tally man with "Spider" Webb not to be discounted. In overall strength however, they must be considered weak. Without the services of their all-star defenseman Cec Reddick, the Uniteds would be proverbially lost. Lack of experience between the uprichts has hurt the Uniteds although Pelka and Turchynski give commendable performances. Big Dan Taylor, working with Reddick on the last line of defence, shows real promise. A rookie, Taylor is rapidly improving and could be one of the league's best before the season's end. McCarty, Brazeau, Miller, and Tomigo hustle and desire that is a prerequisite of any winner, the club as a unit is minus the big scoring threat. "Spees" Walker is on the lookout for a key trade that may strengthen his club. He himself was badly injured in a losing cause on Jan. 14th suffering an enforced state of sleep and mild concussion after a goal-mouth collision in an attempt to score. This loss could be devastating to the squad if it is prolonged. However, the resilient Mr. Walker has every intention of returning to the line-up as soon as possible.

There had been some talk early in the season regarding the possibility of an All-Star team meeting one of the local industrial league squads but as usual, the bad weather had closed in before any kind of arrangements could be made. Commissioner Bannach is always on the look-out for new talent and has done a good job at keeping the playing strength equally distributed throughout the league. This has resulted in pleasurable conditions both for the players and the fans.



Take it for the gospel; the "new" good time is in! If you haven't got it now daddy, its just a matter of time. Your time, I might add — Concert Group working out diligently under the capable direction of Buddy Whalen and Bob Leigh — No truth to the rumour that Joe Smith and Big Joe Houska will dance the Twist at the next performance... Like, when's the next show? Well, no one seems to know. Gym by June. Ain't that soon? Front men crying for bars is the latest. — Ed Judge seen working out at "Weightsville." Notice the difference in his lats? Recent returnees from work camp at Landry's Crossing included Jim "Bongo" Sinclair, Tex Elliot, and Curly Jacques. — New army diet on the main line; sure has attracted some favourable comments. Gonna find it tough to get rid of me man. Like how about those B&E in the mornin'? — dans the dormatoire, no un, se fait rejeter par majoriter son vote en regard d' s'est programmes favourite a la television par-instant Have Gun, Bonanza, Two Faces West, The Deputy et autre programmes scientifique. Prend courage—les soldats sont an marche der fort en arrivant bientot a votre aid — Larry

Leroux, better known as "Haux-Bas" now snipping heads in the Staff Barber Shop, with former proprietor, Stewart Read departing to bolster the hockey team at our Gravenhurst satellite — Smiley Keppler returned from B.C. on Jan. 15 to begin a big parole. 3 for 8 on A.R. Mike Whiting, Ernie Goudreau, Bob Cojocar — went to Beaver Creek on Jan. 16th. "Donkey" Atanasoff over from Joy-ville for eventual transfer to the Gravenhurst teepee.

Jan. 18 saw Mr. T. George Street, chairman of the N.P.S. pay us a visit, along with Regional representative, Mr. C.A.M. Edwards, and Mr. W.C. Rynasko from our classification department. Mr. Street interviewed a group of inmates including Ernie Coates, P. Madden, Billy MacIsaac, Joe Smith, John Caven, Gord Tait, Bruce Beechener, Billy Hardman, and Roger Prest. Many fruitful returns of the day! Mr. Street answered any and all Questions that were put to him, and did so in a free and easy manner. — Big Hello to senor Crease in Caracas, Venezuela. (Notice how extensive the Diamond's coverage is?) Alex M. on his way to Streetsville. Says Hi to "Buttsy" and Big Angus.—Gil Tait check-in' fenders at the local car emporium while awaiting that Big news from Ottawa.—New chapel held (unofficial) opening. Still awaiting official-dom. Really had 6078 hoppin' early after arrival. Seen tapping out ranges within first week —. Pete Petlowany kept busy handling the accounts up front. He rather enjoys it here, although the noise on New Years Eve shattered the staid young man's equilibrium. — Sweeping changes in inmate personnel here are in the offing. Big Area Selection Board held Jan. 19th, and many slated to move to outside camps. Large influx from K.P. expected to fill the vacancies. — Memo to "Titch". Billy's in training for a five rounder. Man, what power in those combinations!—Grant Cleford says he likes his gum rubbers. Ed Roach at the apex of his penal career; grade four. How's that Ed? Maybe we can get you next time, eh? Miller still refuses to sign anything; even the subscription form. K. Dufty swelling rapidly. Where do you get the goodies? Larry Fairbairn says there's nuttin' to da sports here. "Ebery time I play, I win." Knobby Clarke causing many beligerant breezes on 2-D. After all, declares Knobby, what's the tongue for? Besides,

I like to talk.

.....Over and out.



PROFILE

THE FIRST IN A SERIES

by
The Editorial Staff

The parade was long. The little boy standing on the curb with his elderly aunt failed to see his father as the endless wave of troops swept by. He tried very hard to see him. But Montreal in the winter of 1941 was very cold, and presently the old lady took him by the hand and they left.

This scene is still very vivid in Ronald's mind for two reasons: first, for some unknown reason, he did not think he would ever see his father again, and second, he hated the thought of having to return to the large brown rooms of the orphanage. He remembers crying very hard, then, and he remembers the hate he felt for the place.

Ronald's mother died when he was six months old. His father then gave up all responsibilities for him and Ronald moved in with his aunt. He remained with her until he was five years old, then, on orders from her doctor, she was forced to return him to his father. And so Ronald entered the orphanage. He made friends quickly, but they were not the best behaved of the children. All too frequently he

was reported truant, and the number of windows, and other institutional property that he had willfully destroyed was more than the good nuns cared to count. But as much as he hated the place, Ronald hated his school even more. Here he was an oddity; one of the "toughs from St. Francis". In short, he felt very inferior to the other children, who had all the love and affection they need at home.

So the Sisters were not at all sad at the prospect of losing Ronald when his father returned from overseas and remarried.

Ronald's new home had all the conveniences that an annual family income exceeding five thousand dollars could provide. But that one ingredient — love — was still missing. It was not long before Ronald looked elsewhere for the affection he was not getting at home. He looked for it in the street and he found it in the form of a gang of local delinquents who readily accepted him. He had always been big for his age.

Ronald participated in numerous group activities: stealing hub caps from cars, nickles and dimes from younger children, etc. But his real trouble started on a Sunday afternoon about six months after he left the orphanage. He and his parents were visiting some friends, and before they left for home, Ronald picked up a watch that was laying on the sink in the bathroom. He really did not see anything wrong with this because he wanted a watch and his father would not buy him one — "so I'll just borrow this one," he rationalized. The watch was the source of a great deal of envy around school the next day, but that

evening his father discovered the theft and Ronald received a sound beating.

Three weeks later Ronald stole money from his step-mother's purse. He treated his friends grandly, but when the money was missed Ronald was once more punished with a sound beating. Gradually, this evolved into a rigid pattern: the petty theft — treating his friends (or buying their affection) — and a sound beating from his father. This pattern was quite consistent for about a year. Then, after being caught stealing money from milk bottles, Ronald ran away from home. He was twelve years old at the time, and managed to get several hundred miles away before being caught and returned home. His parents were much too relieved to beat him and Ronald remembered that.

Ronald was in his final year of grade school when his parents finally decided to seek professional help. He was taken to a clinical psychologist and subjected to a battery of tests: everything from intelligence to reflex. The results were apparently in his favour, for Ronald's parents were told that he was a bright, normal boy, and that he would soon grow out of the worrisome habit of stealing. And it looked like the good man was right for a while. Ronald entered High School and did rather well. His friends were definitely of a higher calibre and there was no evidence of theft.

For two years Ronald continued to live a normal, well balanced life. Then, during his summer holidays after the second year of collegiate, he took a job as a labourer on a construction project in Northern Quebec. He worked hard and saved his money, but a few weeks

before he was due to return to school, he purchased a motorcycle from a fellow-worker.

When his father learned of this, he went into a complete rage. He continued to reprimand his son about the motorcycle for some weeks, and finally, in complete exasperation, Ronald packed his "saddle bags" and left home. He never returned to school.

For the first time in his life, Ronald felt completely free. The experience was all that he had dreamt it would be. It did not take him very long to spend the little money he had saved from his summer job, and as he raced west through the prairie provinces, he left a string of thefts behind him like dirty laundry. Finally, settling in Vancouver, he managed to steal enough money to live quite handsomely. Shortly after reaching the west coast, another thing happened: he met a girl. When it became apparent that she was not just "another girl", Ronald set about constructing an elaborate imaginary background. This completely fooled his friend, but when she took a short vacation, Ronald "escaped". The reasons again were twofold: first, the thought of accepting any responsibility was repugnant, and second, the police were finally closing in.

Once again Ronald went home to Montreal. He arrived there with fifty dollars in his pocket and a diamond ring on his finger; both the product of his criminal activity. His father looked closely for any sign of a change in his son, but he was still the same old Ronald: still trying to impress, trying to prove to the world that he was not "an orphan".

It was only a matter of days until

he was stealing again. But this time his luck had run out and he was caught. Only the efforts of his father, who had started taking an interest in his son's welfare when he first entered high school, saved him from prison. He was placed on one years probation. But probation to Ronald was like a beating from his father: it was the necessary evil of getting caught. But only fools got caught twice.

Three weeks later Ronald was before the same court, on a similar charge of theft, and, at the formidable age of eighteen, was sentenced to one year in the Guelph Reformatory.

Jail, especially to a first offender, takes on many of the aspects of death. Both are an enigma; one only has the word of others to go on. Both require courage before the initial plunge, and it is the conditioning one has had beforehand that makes the difference. Jail, in short, was a bit of an adventure, in Ronald's mind.

Ronald, needless to say, resented the reformatory and the official who administered it, and the pent up rebellion that had been buried so deep for so long, finally came to the surface and he gave a free rein to his emotions. Now he could scorn the authority he had hated for so long. And he did just that. In checking over his record while in Guelph, it would be most difficult to find a single offence that he did not commit while there. Finally, in desperation more than anything else, the Superintendent sentenced him to twelve strokes of the strap. It was very effective — from the Institution's view point. Ronald was no longer the swaggering, impertinent youth he was when he first entered the Institution. No indeed! He was now a sullen, resentful

youth, motivated by the strap to get "even". But he was a model prisoner.

His stay at Guelph had not been a complete waste of time. No, he had learned how to blow a safe, cash stolen money orders, steal cars, and how to rob small businesses.

But a peculiar thing happened upon his release. Ronald did not steal when he returned home. By this time a step-sister had been born, and for the first time in his life, his father had actually reasoned with his boy. He pointed out how his sister would be looking to him for help and guidance, and how she could not possibly find it if he were continually in trouble himself. Ronald appeared to take his father's words seriously. He secured a position as office boy in a large corporation and for a few months everything went well. Then he met a girl. She was a nice girl, but her background just did not meet Ronald's father's standards. He started first by belittling her in Ronald's presence, and when this proved ineffective, took to curses and threats. Finally, after a "lovers' quarrel," they went their separate ways. Just what effect his father had on the "romance" will never be known, but Ronald certainly resented his attitude.

A short time later he met another girl. Basically, the same thing happened. But this time instead of breaking up, Ronald punched his father in the nose and married the girl.

Marriage, however, was not all that Ronald had expected. Domestic problems soon shook his tiny apartment and the need for more money became a major problem. Ronald gave the mat-

ter little thought before he slipped back to the old game. But money did not solve all his problem, and a year after they had taken their vows they separated. Fortunately, there were no children.

Ronald returned to the home of his parents, but two weeks was enough for him and he left, taking two of his father's pistols. Heading for Toronto, he planned on meeting some of his friends from Guelph.

Toronto appealed to him. Toronto was a round of parties with new girls as plentiful as clean shirts. The only thing that bothered him about his friends was their habit of taking "junk". Ronald tried this only once and became violently ill.

Parties, whether in Toronto or Smithville, cost money. Ronald soon became involved in a cheque ring that was more profitable than he had hoped possible. The money was excellent and the work easy, but one morning he awoke to find two policemen staring coldly down on him. He was sent to the Burwash Industrial Farm for nine months.

During his second stay in prison Ronald made up his mind to go straight. He got into little trouble and the prison officials were very optimistic about his future. His father had paid him several visits and assured him that the family was waiting for his release.

Ronald was seven months finding his way.

Upon his release he went to Toronto, planning a short vacation before returning home. But the first night he ran into a friend who had just been released from Kingston Penitentiary and the old cycle started again. Now,

cheques had been replaced by a gun, and he soon forgot about his plans that he had made in Burwash. One five thousand dollar "score" was enough to obliterate all that.

He and his partner earned quite a living. But this time Ronald did not get the enjoyment from his money that he once did. He could not spend a few hundred dollars a night in some bar, for had he tried that, he knew he would be arrested. Instead, all too often they were forced to hole up in some cheap rooming house, with only the cockroaches for friends.

Ronald's partnership with his acquaintance came to an abrupt end. This happened when his friend was out on a 'job' with another man. The 'job' was not successful, and Ronald's friend was arrested by the local law enforcement agency. He was taken into the courts and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Needless to say, the effect on Ronald was quite sobering. He packed his bags and without further ado, set sail for Montreal. But experience taught Ronald very little. Within a week he had made new connections and was as busy as ever. For two months he took advantage of every opportunity to make a dollar. Then, for no clear reason, he decided to call an end to that way of life. After he had reached his decision, he and a friend made one more "hit". This netted them fifty-one dollars each.

Ronald moved back home, but he found the environment little different from that of some of the boarding houses he had known. Finally, discouraged and alone, he took a job as a night clerk in a large transport office.

It was not a good job, but nevertheless Ronald put everything he had into it. Shortly after he was promoted, and within six months worked his way into a position of trust. In that period he had divorced his wife and planned on marrying a girl he had known most of his life. Things at last were breaking for him.

One night, several months after he had started work at the transport office, he and his girl friend were sitting on his parents' lawn enjoying the warm summer night and playing with his sister. Suddenly, a car screeched to a halt and three plainclothesmen jumped out, guns at the ready, and arrested him for his part in the armed robbery of the industrial firm, several months previous. He remembered it as the fifty-one dollar score.

Ronald is now serving a five year sentence at this institution. He is quiet, well mannered and has been in no serious trouble thus far. He has attempted to better himself by taking a Vocational Course here, and is presently gaining useful skills in the practical aspects of his trade.

Will Ronald return to prison? Only he can answer that question. He has been given a trade here, and the penitentiary psychiatrist, Dr. George Scott, has been quite successful in helping him gain an insight into his emotional problems. And he is young — only twenty-four.

He has been given every assistance available here: he has the tools for a better life in his grasp, but whether he will use them or not, only he can say.

KATIE

After an absence of two years, Toronto's Katie Murtagh returned to our stage on December 3rd with an all-star show that surpassed anything previously seen here. It was a sheer delight from start to finish. Entertainment from Toronto's leading nighteries supported Katie's show-stopping appearance.

Murtagh.

*One of the
Finest
Shows
Ever seen
at Collin's Bay*

The first of many "name" performers to appear, Frank Russo opened the show with a few bars of "Yellow Rose Of Texas". He immediately switched to a narrative that was, if anything, too funny. Throughout this lengthy performance he maintained a steady beat on his bass drum and accordian, while at the same time firing off dozens of gags and humorous stories. His entire performance was a perfect "jailhouse" antidote.

Frank, who has been appearing at the Brown Derby Club in Toronto for the past eight years, is noted mainly for his musical talents. But let me assure you, he is a very funny man. His style is flippant and off-hand, but there is a studied surrness about him, too. Taking his cue from the "Lenny Bruce school", Frank relies mainly on social satire for his laughs.

A novelty act that is presently enjoying a vogue on the "outside", honky-tonk piano, was featured next. Maxie Sherman, genial host in the "Gay 90's Room at the Concord Tavern, rapped out several old favourites in a "roaring 20" fashion. One number in particular, "Piano Roll Blues", beat anything we have heard on wax in this line.

Maxie, toggged in striped shirt, straw hat and spats, looked a little like Al Capone. Only the instrument gave him away.

Terry Day, a pert blond with a ready smile, followed Mr. Sherman with several vocals which reminded us of Roberta Sherwood. Terry opened with "Margarie". This was a little forced, but being the first time she had appeared in a prison, the condition was understandable. However, the enthusiastic applause must have worked its spell because her second song, "Blueberry Hill", was delivered with ease. This

number was done in two distinctive parts. The first, done in a blues style, was in sharp contrast with the the second half, which was almost "rock".

Her final offering, "Up A Lazy River", had all the ear-marks of a Roberta Sherwood stylization. Miss Day added considerably more speed than is usual, but the delivery was flawless.

One of the most unusual talents ever featured here was presented next. Mexico's Rubin Revis, heading a group of boys, presented a peculiar mixture of popular and Latin American music. With Darwin Aithers on piano, Terry Forrester on bass and Jack McQuade beating drums, Rubin opened with a Spanish Flamenco number. Noteworthy here was Mr. Revis' deft guitar. He followed this with his own version of "Granada". With lyrics in both Spanish and English, this number was well-suited to Rubin's high, soprano voice.

This group is currently appearing at the Cava-bo Arcade in Toronto. But Rubin's manager has him on the move. During the past five years he has done extensive work in South America and the United States.

The next act in this very wonderful show was rudely interrupted by a mean little man. Despite the efforts of our Recreation Supervisor, Mr. Jim Edmunds, he was able to scramble on stage in the middle of Ben Silverman's moving violin concerto (in X flat).

Mr. Silverman's performance began well enough, but a few moments later a nerve shattering scream disrupted everything. Thus began one of the funniest "skits" ever presented on our stage. Given a plot, it would have been a wickedly funny one act play.

The "mean little man", Pat Doyle, playing a thick headed plumber and

Ben Silverman, just being himself, spoofed and slapped their way through fifteen minutes of hilarity. Pat's acting ability is first rate, but whoever supplied the dialogue certainly deserves a cheer. To be sure, it lacked sophistication. But then, few members of the audience think of themselves as being particularly sophisticated. This little comment on contemporary morals was a hit.

This might be a good time to mention the outstanding performance turned in by M.C. Clive Wayne. Clive, who manages the Victory theatre in Toronto, is a real pro. Brought to Canada from England a few years ago to narrate Soccer games for the CBC, he took to the natives, and they to him, so he decided to stay awhile.

Although he is no longer active on the stage, Clive still retains much of the showmanship he learned as a youth in London. It should be noted that prison shows are unrehearsed. As a result, the M.C. works under every conceivable disadvantage. Frequently he doesn't even know the order of the acts. To make up for this, the M.C., if the show is to be successful at all, must establish an instant communication with the audience. All the defects must be passed off as part of the performance. Clive Wayne establishes just such a communication. All this, coupled with an excellent vocal talent, is one reason why the show enjoyed the success it did.

The last time Joey Hollingsworth appeared on our stage he was a good amateur. At that time (two years ago) we predicted a successful career for Joey, but we had no idea his fortunes would turn so quickly. In the past twelve months he has enjoyed "rave" notices

for his singing, dancing, and most recently, acting ability. The leading Toronto critics were unanimous in their praise for him. So with this in mind, we had no idea just what his part in this show would be.

Joey sang and Joey danced and Joey beat a drum. And he did all three excellently. He began with a "Charlie Brown" type of work song, switched easily into a tap routine, and ended up on a set of bongo drums. It was a fine, sensitive performance throughout.

The only negative note in the show began at this stage. Because the show got off to a late start, the last two acts, both headliners, were limited to six or seven minutes each.

Ronnie Hawkins and his group, international recording stars, appeared next. Aimed at the young at heart, which incidently, includes almost everyone here (even Doug Miller), Ronnie swayed on stage amid the vibrating strains of "Peter Gunn". While Ronnie literally crawled around the mike stand, his group, Levon Helm, Drummer; Robie Robertson, guitar; Rick Dank, bass; and Jerry Penfound, sax; polished off "Peter Gunn". Because of the time factor this was the only serious piece of music the group attempted. Considering the number in the group, the "big band" sound that they achieved here was nothing short of miraculous. They actually sounded better than the hit Mancinni version waxed not long ago.

Ronnie followed up with "Sexy Ways" and "When My Dreamboat Comes Home", both in the novelty line. As was expected, audience reaction was overpowering, to say the least.

The "Hawkins" group knows what the audience wants: lots of noise with a steady beat. The talent that they throw in is a bonus. And believe me, they are talented. Or so 900,000 people thought when they bought Ronnie's latest hit, "Mary Lou". Coupled with their musical talent, Ronnie, Levon and the entire group are also the nicest guys we have met here in longer than we care to remember. An unbeatable combination, we think.

Only one person in the world could follow a performer like Ronnie Hawkins in here: for anyone else it would be sheer professional suicide. That person is, of course, Katie Murtagh.

Stepping on stage to begin her routine, Katie was met by Gord Tait, committee member, and presented with a bouquet of roses from the inmates. This was but a small token of our appreciation for the excellent shows Katie has brought here over the years. In fact, she is less a performer and more a friend to many of the fellows here.

Katie, realizing that she had time for only one song, chose a particularly fitting one: "The Whole World Smiles". Katie moved this catchy ballad right along, and to everyone's satisfaction finished on a note of overpowering applause. There was no doubt as to her popularity here.

Katie, Ronnie, Terry and Eddy Rus-slotto, finished the show by giving a brief lesson on the finer points of the "TWIST", the new dance (sic) "sensation". We are happy to report that no bones were broken, only a slipped vertebrae or two.

But that's show biz.

The Beaver Creek campsite is situated four miles north of Gravenhurst on a tract of land which is 320 acres in area. It is a thickly wooded area, surrounded by thousands of trees and bushes, also in this area are several small lakes in which beaver dams can be discovered. The Camp proper boasts eight buildings, all of which were formerly occupied by the Norwegian Air Force. The main lodge is of log construction and, at present, accomodates the entire inmate population, now approximately fifty. The main lodge is divided into two wings, or portions; the

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CORRECTIONAL CAMP

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The Correctional Camp at Beaver Creek has never yet been given complete coverage in any circular, newspaper or magazine. Therefore, *the Diamond* has undertaken the task of excavating into that little heard of hinterland.

west wing housing four dormitories and the dining room on two floors, and the east wing consisting of the proposed chapel site on the second floor and the lounge on the ground floor. In addition to the main lodge, two dormitories are being renovated and should be available early in this year. One of these dormitories will have private and semi-private rooms. Inmates with seniority and good work habits will be permitted to apply for either the semi-private room which will have four inmates to a room or the private room.

The gymnasium, a building approximately one hundred feet by forty feet was used during the summer as a badminton court, and the inmates have hopes of using it during the winter for basketball and badminton tournaments against outside competition. The old hangar will be used as a curling rink during the winter, and the curling stones have already been donated to the Camp by the Gravenhurst Curling Club.

OFFICERS:

Beaver Creek Correctional Camp is under the supervision of superintendent D. J. Halfhide. Mr. Halfhide was recently transferred from the British Columbia Penitentiary where he served a number of years as Vocational Officer. According to *Diamond* reporters, Mr. Halfhide is in favour of progressive ideas. He is behind his inmates one hundred percent, is trusted, and well thought of by the inmates. A *Diamond* correspondent submitted an anecdote which clearly exhibits how far Mr. Halfhide is willing to go with his boys. Once, upon being asked for a special concession by the Inmate Welfare and Sports Committee, Mr. Halfhide simply shrugged and stated, "I'm all for it. If Ottawa approves it, you've got it." This anecdote certainly indicates that Beaver Creek is a progressive institution, and it might also indicate that the inmates at Beaver Creek have no problem in reaching the Commissioner via mail.

The Administration and Supply Officer is 'Jolly' Joe Lawless, who is formerly of Kingston Penitentiary. Mr. Lawless is also very well liked by the inmates.

Mr. Fox, the Classification and Welfare Officer for the Camp, although a newcomer to this type of work, is doing a remarkable job organizing sports and other group activities. The inmates get along with Mr. Fox, and as it should be, are more than willing to share their confidences with him.

INMATE PERSONNEL:

The Inmate Population which now stands at fifty, are graduates of either Collin's Bay or Joyceville. Fifty percent of the total are qualified tradesmen. The length of sentence left to serve varies from well over three years to only a few months.

All work at the Camp is done under minimum supervision. A typical example of this procedure would be: the Works Officer would lay out a job of laying blocks to reinforce one of the dormitories. He would explain the nature of the work, and then leave. The inmates would be entirely on their own, with the possible exception of a periodic spot check. Work begins at eight o'clock and continues through until ten o'clock when a fifteen minute coffee-break is permitted. At eleven forty-five, the inmates wash up and prepare for dinner. They are allowed to relax until one o'clock before returning to work. Another coffee-break is held at three o'clock, and then at four forty-five, the tools are put away and the men prepare for supper.

RECREATION

For the summer, Beaver Creek is in possession of a very fine baseball diamond, which may be utilized by the sturdy sports-minded. The diamond has a good clay infield and a grass out-

field. The inmate team played about three games per week during the summer. The competition was supplied by outside teams from Orillia, Barrie, Bracebridge and Gravenhurst. Between twenty-five and one hundred spectators attend these games, and the inmates are permitted to mix freely with them. Cold drinks, ice cream and potato chips are available at an outdoor canteen, not only while the ball games are in progress, but at all times during the warm weather.

Also during the summer, swim parties composed of fifteen inmates and two officers are organized three times during each week. At present, the swimming pool on the property is not serviceable, but should be ready in the immediate future.

Other forms of recreation are: fishing, weight-lifting, badminton, volleyball, horseshoes, berry picking, and just plain lazin' around'. Plans for a two hundred by eighty-five foot hockey rink are presently under way and there are other plans being made for a pleasure skating rink, and of course, the curling rink.

There are two television sets at Beaver Creek, one in the dining room which is shut off every evening at eleven o'clock, and one in the lounge, which is shut off whenever the last inmate decides to go to bed.

The television in the lounge, then, is frequently shut off only after the late, late, late show has been viewed. The lounge is equipped for complete comfort with over fifty leather covered easy chairs.

INMATE VIEWS

The general concensus of the inmate population is that the work is harder than at other institutions, but that there is no whip being wielded, which makes working conditions much more pleasant. The food is on a par with that of a good lumber camp — well prepared and lots of it, which certainly places the Camp in a strata of its own. This, in itself, is a definite advantage over other institutions.

The inmates like the idea of mixing freely with the public, and of being left alone to think and act for themselves. There is no rigidity and no confinement of thinking. Hobbycraft sales are good, and things run smoothly. It is a good rehabilitation centre.

The event which the inmates take to most is the weekly meeting which is held by the superintendent. At this meeting, all complaints are heard, and all policies for the future are disclosed. If an inmate has a complaint, he speaks up, and Mr. Halfhide gives it his consideration. Also Mr. Halfhide makes plans with the inmates. If there is a holiday forthcoming, then Mr. Halfhide meets with the men and ascertains what they would like to do on that holiday. Any new orders issued from Ottawa are discussed with the men, and there are no rumours circulating about the Camp. This, to our way of thinking, is the ideal method of re-socialization, and it is so very easy to attain. The basic principle which has been employed in the Beaver Creek undertaking is simply this: Treat the inmates as human beings and they will behave as human beings; treat them otherwise, and they will behave otherwise.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Gentlemen,

My brother sent me one of your magazines last month, and I browsed through it in my spare time. It seems to be a pretty good little paper, so I would like to send it to several of my friends and relatives. (listed below.) Good luck to you all.

Yours very truly,
Edward Hyman.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for several years now. I enjoy it immensely, but often wonder why there are no complaints against the institution or anything like that. Surely it can't be that nice in there?

Yours truly,
Mrs. V. Bowman.

P.S. Enclosed is one dollar for renewal.

Dear Editor:

I read and enjoy your magazine each month. Keep up the good work. What of Jets Age crime coming to Canada? Did you read in the Reader's Digest about this? Apparently there are racketeers from all over the world moving into Canada. What do you think of this?

Yours truly,
Mrs. Edna Ferguson.

Editor's Note: I don't think it particular matters what kind of crime comes to Canada. Our penitentiaries will accommodate any type of criminal — and do.

Editor's Note: Thanks for the kind words and for the dollar. In answer to your question: no, things are not that good in here, but then again, they are not that bad.

Dear Sirs:

I received your renewal card last week and am extremely sorry for neglecting you. The card was so pathetically and humourously drawn that I could not help but add a few details of my own. Hoping that you approve of my dawdling, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Cliff Raymond.